





AN EDITORIAL

In recent decisions, the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld Federal and state laws outlawing the sale and distribution of obscene and pornographic material. These decisions place heavy responsibility on local officials to exercise discrimination and common sense in enforcing such laws. For better or for worse, the responsibility is theirs.

Of particular danger to our freedom of the press today are over-zealous and ignorant officials as well as some private organizations who have set themselves up in some areas to act as judge, jury and police force over their communities' reading matter. Some of these individuals have undertaken not only to pass publicly on the morality of literature, but also to put pressure on booksellers not to distribute the works which they have labeled "objectionable."

This type of extra-legal pressure has been scored many times by persons concerned with our civil liberties. As the Civil Liberties Union has stated, " . . . in a pluralist society, no minority group has the right to impose its own religious or

moral views on other groups, through the methods of force, coercion or violence."

Of course, parents have a responsibility for watching over what their children read. But they have other responsibilities as well.

As citizens in a democracy, they are obligated to protect the expression of ideas no matter how contrary they may be to their own personal views. And if they wish to continue to enjoy the works of "free people" they must safeguard the freedom of the press.

Certainly, some publications are printed simply to capitalize on sensationalism. But many books which may not be suitable for minors can be extremely rewarding for adult minds. An intelligent and alert parent or official will find sensible means of keeping minors from reading books for which they are not yet ready without resorting to bans and boycotts and "police-terror."

THE EDITOR

"EXOTIQUE"

. dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 21

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"CONFESSIONS OF A SHOE-LOVER"

by

Edward J. Walker

* * *

When you were visiting me last week and I noticed that you saw my collection of shoes and I presume that you are wondering what I could do with so many pairs. I shall endeavor to explain it all to you and I hope you will not think too harshly of me as it will seem most extraordinary to a person who has not an abnormal passion for certain things. My fetish is shoes of all kinds and the ones you saw were not all the ones I have.

As you know I was a comparatively young girl when I left home. This may explain why my quirk developed. I went to live with my aunt in this city and continued to live

there until I had completed my education and had secured a position with a large insurance firm. At about this time my aunt passed away and I was more or less left alone. I guess the feeling that I would have ordinarily given to my relatives was bestowed upon an inanimate object.

When I bought my first pair of high heels I had a terrible time trying to walk and after I had mastered the ordeal I felt untold elation. The heels were not so high as they were about two and one half inches in height but to me who was used to flat shoes, they were the ultimate. When I had mastered the heels, I began to feel that one pair of shoes was not enough for me and so one Saturday while shopping, I found a lovely pair of patent leather pumps with three and one half inch heels. These I had to have. The extra inch on the heels was like learning all over again. I was now developing a passion for high heels as it seemed to do something for me that nothing else could do. It was kind of painful to walk on these high heels but I know that that could not discourage me from going for higher heels yet.

I was always looking for shoes with higher heels but was so disappointed when I was unable to find them higher than four inches. I

have very small feet as you know, and as the heels got higher I was coming closer and closer to walking on my toes alone and this thought gave me an enormous thrill indeed. Finally, in desperation, I bought a new pair of pumps with four inch heels and took them to a small European horn shoe maker and had another inch added to the heel height. When I got home and tried them on, what a sensation! At last I was getting to the desired point. The sad part of all these fetishes such as mine is that once an object has been reached we must go on. Therefore, it will not surprise you when I tell you that my little shoe maker got more and more business as he finally extended a pair of heels to six and one half inches. These were as high as it was humanly possible to walk on. Your full weight is on your toes and it is difficult to keep from falling forward. I only used them for dressing up and walking around at home for my own pleasure.

As I had now realized that I had reached the point where heels could not be improved upon I thought I may have to be satisfied with things. This I could not grasp. One night I was looking through my aunt's old chest which was being kept for sentimental purposes when I found a pair of old fashioned ladies high boots.

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They were of the button kind and had low Cuban heels. I tried them on. They were too large but the feel of the tight tops on my legs was a new sensation which I was determined to explore. I thought that a combination of really high heels and high tops would be the ideal thing for me. Away I went to my shoemaker. He added tops to a pair of my six inch heel pumps, which laced to my knees. The leather in the tops was not too pliable but they were lovely to wear. Over black nylon stockings they were the height of sexy loveliness. Before I close this letter, Edith, I must tell you about the best pair I have. These too are hand made from the softest leather. The tops are black kid the same as the long evening gloves are made of. They are very high, they lace clear up to my thighs. They must be laced snugly in order to stay up but that I also like. Oh, I forgot to tell you they have seven inch heels. I do hope this will explain everything, and if you ever feel the urge along these lines go for it boy, go for it.

THE END





"TAKING A MAN IN HAND"

by

Carlson Wade

As Bertha uncrossed her nylon clad slim legs, her high heels made a smashing sound as she brought them to the floor. She regarded her husband with mixed emotions of indignation and anger. "See here, Fred," she rasped out, her voice making such a grating sound that her husband shivered. "We have plenty of time to go to the party and I still have to get dressed."

"We're going to be late," Fred reiterated, cowering slightly because when Bertha slammed her patent leather, high heeled shoes on the floor, it sent sparks shivering up and down his spine.



She stood up, her legs spread apart, her hands on her hips. She was not yet fully dressed--having just finished lacing herself up in a tight rubber panty-girdle. It was quite a chore and her insides felt delightfully squeezed in. Metal garters (six on each leg) swung dangerously as she faced him. "It takes time to put on women's clothing," she explained, "or didn't you know it?"

"Well, I . . . I . . ." he shrugged his shoulders, afraid to admit that he always enjoyed watching Bertha dress. . . especially when she put on the rubber panty girdle and the bone ribs would squeeze her to an almost perfect figure 8. In fact, he had often wondered just how he would feel, dressed in a garment like that. But, being a man, he was doomed to loose boxer-type shorts, T-shirts which flapped at the waist and pants that were always baggy.

"Suppose you take my place," she snapped and walked over to the bedroom door, slamming it and locking it tightly. She hid the key somewhere and faced him, a defiant expression on her face. "If you think men can dress faster, then you try putting on my outfit, I'll select some proper attire." She went to the closet and started taking out some things.

then glanced back. "Well, what are you waiting for? Take off that sloppy junk you men call clothes."

Fred offered no resistance. Of course, he always nursed a secret wish to wear those delightful high-heeled boots, laced so tight that Bertha's feet looked like the hooves of a rearing stallion. It would be embarrassing, of course, to be seen by his wife but he was afraid she would become angered so he complied. He could hardly wait to get out of his clothes. They fitted so loosely, he felt sloppy just standing still. Finally, when all he wore were his briefs, she came over to the dressing table bearing an arm-load of clothes. She glanced at him. "We'll start from scratch. Get those briefs off. I've got something far better."

He hesitated but when her high heels slammed on the floor, he shivered in fright and wiggled out of his cotton briefs. She approached him glancing at his cowering figure. With the tip of her tiny toed shoes, she kicked the briefs out of sight. Fred flushed a beet red. He wished she would hurry up and let him wear something so he could feel a little more comfortable.

"This is the first item," she handed him

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a white garment. "If you want, I'll help you put it on."

"No," he backed away. "I'll do it myself." He snatched the garment which, of all delightful surprises, was a pair of white satin briefs--unbelievably tiny, with laces on both sides. He bent down, put his feet into the openings and then had quite a wiggling chore to get them up, over his hips. He was slightly muscular and although his figure was on the feminine side, the satin briefs would be a tight fit. Then he started fumbling with the laces when she slapped his hands away in anger and said, "I'll do it. You men don't know how to do anything." With a vicious gesture, she yanked the laces so tight he fairly jumped and paled a bit. He begged her, a whining tone in his voice, "Please, Bertha, don't do it so hard. You'll hurt me."

She ignored his protests. The laces bit into the flesh of his hips, almost cutting down into his bone. . . or so he felt. Then, finished, she tightened the lace at the top loop and made a bow. She repeated the same with the other side and when finished, Fred felt that a leather thong was squeezing his waist, so tight were the laces. There was a sharp slapping sound, followed by a cry from



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his lips. She had playfully slapped his hips. Packed in, the flesh made a protruding bulge, tempting to slap but painful to the unfortunate victim.

"Now," she approached with a panty girdle, "let's get you into this."

Fred had always wanted to wear the panty girdle, to know how he would feel in such tight bondage and now, his dream was going to come true. It zipped up in the rear, the only entrance, and exit. "Get inside," she commanded and he hurriedly stood in a spread-eagle shape, his arms and legs drawn far apart. She bent slightly and he put his legs through the panty legs, one at a time. Slowly, with careful and very deliberate motions, Bertha drew the girdle up over his knees, then squeezing his thighs. He felt a hot flush spread over his body as the girdle was being tugged into place. Although it had an elastic split crotch, it was designed for a woman and would be difficult adjusting to. There was a final, vicious tug and it was pulled up, over his hips. He prayed silently that Bertha wouldn't get playful and start slapping him as though it were his birthday. So tightly compressed on the hips, the flesh would sting and ache for days if slapped.

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The girdle was pulled over his hips, then up over the small of his back. It was as though the walls were closing in on him. He remembered once playing a game--being rolled in a carpet. The other boys and girls would roll him tighter and tighter, on the floor, in a carpet until only his legs and head stuck out--the rest being imprisoned in the carpet. Then they'd tease him. . . even take off his shoes and tickle his toes. It was great fun, but what a tight sausage they made of him. . . just like Bertha was doing now.

"Take a deep breath," she commanded.

He obeyed. But he could hardly exhale. In that instant, she began zipping up and his chest and ribs felt the pressure of tightening rubber. He could hardly move--his waist was squeezed in at the middle to accommodate the girdle. He dared to glance down, sighed with relief when he noticed no bulge at the tummy. She would have been furious at that. Then, she drew the brassiere straps over his shoulders. The bust was padded with foam rubber. The straps were too short so she pulled tighter and tighter, cutting deep into the soft skin of his shoulders until she fastened them.

"Whew!" she wiped her brow and stepped

back, a smile on her lips. "That's some job, Say, you look swell."

Fred turned to study his figure in the mirror--almost a perfect 8. The rubber panty girdle, light spiral boning throughout, was like a second skin to his body. His bust was filled out and he looked quite nice.

Then she brought out some waist length stage hose and helped him slip them on. His legs, slim and free of hair, looked pretty through his stage hose. "I'm glad you don't have much hair on your body," she said. "It would spoil the effect. Oh well, if you did--I'd probably have to yank them out with tweezers."

Fred shivered at the thought of such torment. Then, the most enjoyable part of all. She brought out a pair of black, patent leather shoes, the instep curved to almost unbelievable proportions. Leather laces at the sides went up to cover the ankle. The points were arrow-shaped and he wondered how he could squeeze his toes within. Then the heel--it gleamed wickedly in the light. They must have been a perfect six inches. He heard her say, "Here's a ruler. Get down and measure those heels."

She tossed the ruler on the floor. He bent and received a jolting pressure at his waist. He was laced up in the panty girdle so tightly, he could hardly bend. He did not see her come up from behind. There were two sharp, stinging slaps. Pain, in the area receiving the punishment, forced him up-right. He bit his lip to keep from crying out. "When I say bend down--that's what I mean," she cried out.

Tight as it was, breathing with great difficulty, the tears rolling down his cheeks, Fred bent down and kneeled before the high heeled shoes. They were like two live creatures, awaiting his caress. He measured the heels carefully. One scratch, one little mar would buff their shining beauty. He shivered to think what Bertha would do to him if he spoiled them. Yes, the heels were an exact six inches. He struggled to his feet, the bones of the girdle cutting into his body but by now, he was getting used to it.

"They're exactly six inches."

A moment of silence. A sneer appeared on her lips. "Get down on your knees again," she ordered. "Next time, wait until I give you permission before you get up."

He bit his lip at the humiliation but obeyed without protest. In a way, it was a good lesson to him. He shouldn't be so sure of himself. Again, he got down and remained at his knees until given permission to arise. Finally, he was permitted to sit on the chair. Now came on the boots--his foot was squeezed into the tiny confines of the shoe, his big toe had difficulty getting into the tiny arrow-shaped toe of the shoe but with tugging and shoving, he managed. His foot was a trifle too large for the shoe, but Bertha did not let that discourage her. She forced his heel down and then started tightening the leather thongs. The eyelets were rivetted into the leather, almost permanently. As one lace after another met the eyelet, Fred's foot became tighter and tighter, and a relaxed feeling spread over his entire rubber girdled body.

This was quite comfortable, after a fashion. He could hardly wait for the next shoe to be practically sewed onto his foot. When it was over, Fred was ordered to stand up. He almost keeled over. The six inch heels held his body at an angle, the calves of his legs bunching out like live snakes. It was painful, at first, to walk but he adjusted himself and Bertha, oddly enough, helped him.

"Now, your skirt and blouse, and we're all finished." First came the skirt--made of soft, suede leather, it was snug at the waist. He stepped into it and offered no protest when she brought it up over his legs and began tightening the leather buttons, from the rear, of course. The suede actually swished against his rubber gloved body and was enjoyable to listen to. The blouse, like its twin sister skirt, was made of a dark red, bloodish, actually, color. The blouse, also buttoned up in the back. The sleeves at the cuffs had very tiny leather buttons which fitted into small loops. It was remarkable how tight they fit around the wrists. And the blouse buttoned right up underneath Fred's chin, encircling him like a round chain metal bond. His breathing became more difficult as Bertha tightened the buttons, slipping them into the leather eyelets. At last, she was finished.

"Turn around and see how you look," she suggested.

Fred was astonished. He was quite attractive. His hair, always inclined to be soft and curly, made it look like a feather bob cut. He was a stunning vision in leather. The corset no longer hurt him but felt snug and tight against the waist, the rubberized threads

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tightened his figure to a perfect 8. And the legs, most attractive of all, looked like the hooves of a stallion about to rear up in defiance against all obstacles. The delicately curved instep, the vamp, the high heeled walk, gave him a sort of hop-skip walk, like the ancient prisoners who wore leg irons and were forced to submit to all sorts of indignancies, at the mercy of their guards. Well, he sighed, it had been worth the effort. Now he knew how he looked.

She glanced at the clock. "It's too late now," she announced. "The party is half over. You men--always complaining about how long women take to dress. Now you know, and it's your fault that we missed the party."

Humbly, his head bent slightly (as far as the tight leather collar would permit) he stood in silent regret, willing to take her abuse. He deserved it.

"Well," she sighed, "it's late anyway, so why not get out of that rig and let's go to bed."

"Oh, Bertha," he faltered, in his quivering voice, afraid of what she might retort to what he was about to say.



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"What is it now?" she demanded, her shoes slamming on the floor, almost sparking as they did, sending waves of dreaded terror into him.

"I--I took so much time in dressing-- couldn't we stay up just a little more so I can wear these clothes? Please," he begged, almost pleading. "I'll do anything you say."

A smile curled at the corners of her lips. "Just as I thought. All right, you've behaved yourself terribly today but I'll give you permission. But you'll also receive punishment for making us miss the party and double punishment for blaming me. From now on-- for the next solid 30 days, you'll come home at night and put on that same outfit and wear it until midnight. And another thing--if you complain, you'll go without your supper."

His face lit up. "That's just fine, Bertha. Just fine. I'll take my punishment."

But she wasn't yet finished. "Another little task--there are two shelves of my very precious boots and high-heeled shoes in the closet. Every single night, you're to get down on your hands and knees, when wearing that tight rubber girdle and other clothes, and

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polish every one of those shoes and boots. And one more thing, Freddie: if you so much as scratch or dent one single shoe, you'll suffer for it. Know what I'll do? You'll be forced to remain in that crouched position, but on hands and knees like a horse and I'll use that riding crop on you as I do on that horse when I go riding and he refuses to obey me."

Fred turned all shades of colors. How painful that would be--especially when wearing such tight, rubber clothes. Oh well, he would have to exercise extreme care and caution and do a good job.

That evening, Fred spent the most enjoyable time of his life--dressed exactly as he had always wanted to be. But never did he realize how enjoyable it could be until he tried it and it took a stubborn, domineering wife to make him receive the source of such joy.

(Author's Note: If any of my female readers have husbands who voice similar complaints about the time they take to dress, follow my advice. Lock your husband in the room. Don't let him out until he puts on every stitch of clothing that you usually wear. That's the only way you can teach some men a lesson.)







"FROM ME TO YOU . . ."

by

Tana Louise . .

* * *



You've heard of the great wonders of the world. Well, none of these could possibly compare in interest with the little, hidden and out-of-the-way wonders one finds when traveling through Europe. When I made my recent trip, I made it a point to study the different clothing habits and preferences in other countries. Some of them are so unusual that they create more interest than any natural wonder.

For example, in London I was invited to the home of a

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famous female fashion designer. He showed me the most unusual girdle he had just finished and which should soon be available for purchase. One of his most attractive models was asked to demonstrate the sample. The designer's wife helped to lace in the model. The girdle was made of bright pink satin, almost flesh-colored. It slipped on over the girl's head and covered her from below the shoulders to just above her hips. No other items of apparel were worn. There were sixteen eyelets, made of stainless steel and the laces were of a brilliant red shade. The model was laced tightly into the corset, each lace being pulled tighter and tighter until the ribs seemed as if they were ready to cave in. The model turned slightly pale and gasped in deep breaths as she was told to do in order to create a true "wasp-like" effect.

Encircling the waist of the corset was a series of metal rings, the exact purpose of which, I never did find out.

Italy is shaped like a giant boot. In a small village near Torino, I discovered a shoemaker who specialized in making thigh-length boots.

Most of his products contained spike-heels

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that measured anywhere from six to eight inches. The extreme tips of the heels were capped with metal lifts that shot off sparks whenever they came in contact with a hard surface such as concrete. The entire boot is made of soft kid-skin - jet black is the most popular shade. The laces are of thin leather that winds up and up through the great number of metal eyelets.

At the top, the boots are attached to a pair of leather suspenders that go up and over the wearer's shoulders. The model that wore them for me was quite tall - probably close to 6-feet, and since the suspenders were obviously made for a much shorter girl, the model was forced to walk in a stooped position. It was quite amusing to see how her bare bottom bounced about as she walked back and forth in the semi-crouched position.

In Nice, on the French Riviera, there were many bizarre sights to behold. One evening I walked down to the beach and noticed a stunning redheaded girl walking towards me. She was wearing a tight, white kidskin bikini type bathing suit. At first she looked absolutely nude - anything goes on the Riviera - but on a second look, I saw

that this was not the case. Her full bosom did not sway with her movements and her waist was most definitely being squeezed into minute proportions.

As the girl approached me, I really got a surprise, however. She was wearing skyscraper heels - pencil thin. Her ankle was imprisoned by a heavy leather strap which fastened with a metal buckle. The vamp of the shoe, containing an identical buckle, imprisoned her toes. The jet black shoes gleamed in the moonlight, but the big surprise was yet to come. She approached a bench and lifted one foot. I saw that it was edged with a whole series of tiny apikes. These spikes, she later explained, were handy for walking on the soft sand.

To attend the Royal Opera in Copenhagen, is the height of fashion. In particular, the women are very fussy about their gloves. One custom glove-maker told me that the particular fad this year was shoulder-length kidskin with lacing up the side. She had made these gloves for most of the social leaders in various colors and hues. She also wished to show off some of her other models and so she had one of her models try some on for my benefit. One pair was made of dark red velvet. Laces were

attached between each of the fingers and a heavy, white lacing ran criss-cross up the entire length of the glove.

On my return trip on board ship, I was fortunate enough to be seated at the same dining table as a group of French models en-route to New York to display some of the latest Paris creations. There were six girls in the group, each more beautiful and charming than the next. They told me that the particular couturier that they worked for specialized in leather and that for the coming season, his entire collection was made on leather. One particular item that charmed me especially was a lounging outfit consisting of torreador pants and a blouse - both made of the finest quality gold capeakin. I tried on before I take leave of them and now I'll probably be saving my pennies for the next six months to buy it for myself.

TANA LOUISE



The railing of an ocean liner afloat may not be the best place in the world to assume a dominant pose, but it does make an attractive picture. What do you think?



I found a fascinating little shop in London that featured just about everything in the "Exotique" line - - High-Heels, Thigh-Boots, Leather Gloves and Cprsets, Wigs. . . . Naturally, I went inside. .



Inside, I discovered a "wonderland", . . . Shoes and boots of all descriptions were on display. I couldn't resist trying on a pair of Multi-Colored Strap Sandals with 6-inch heels. They were a perfect fit. . .



Next, I slipped into a wonderful pair of black knee-length boots. They were made of butter-soft kidskin and had heels that measured exactly 11-inches. The design was copied from a ballet slipper. I loved them



Bizarre

FASHION





THE LETTER BOX . . .

where the readers gather
to express their views --
pro, con and absurdum . .



NOTE - The editor regrets that
it is impossible to place readers
in communication, either by ex-
change of address or otherwise.

Dear Editor:

I am wondering if any of your readers would
be interested in some of the experiences I have
had. Although a male, I am devoted to wearing
female clothing at every opportunity.

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL

Recently, at my favorite bar, the bartender was complaining of one man who was always getting fresh with the female customers. I suggested that perhaps he needed a good lesson and outlined a plan. A few nights later, I visited the bar dressed in my best outfit. I had on a form-fitting, red sheath dress, sheer black nylon hose and high-heeled patent leather pumps. Underneath, I had on my black lace padded bra, black nylon panties and a combination waist pincher/garter-belt that was almost cutting me in two. I have an excellent wig, and that, combined with a good make-up job, allowed me to go out and get around undetected.

Sure enough, in the bar sat George, the insistent wolf. I winked at the bartender and he winked back. Taking a table directly across from George, I ordered a drink and then crossed my nylon-clad legs slowly - allowing a generous portion of white skin to show above my stocking tops. George, true to form, didn't fail to take all this in. I then pretended that a garter-fastener had become unhooked, and lifted my dress high above my stockings to refasten the garter. George moved in ... coming over to my table with a smile. He tried an old approach on me and I pretended to go along with him. He was soon sitting next to me,



with his arm around the back of my chair. Almost before I knew what was happening, his hand was slowly creeping up my smooth thigh. Next, came a wet kiss that really caught me off-guard. Things seemed to be getting out of hand, and if it hadn't been for the bartender, no telling what would have happened. Anyhow, the bartender came over, stood next to our table, and loudly announced to the entire crowd that George had succeeded in picking up a . . . man! I took off my wig to prove the point, and the crowd roared with laughter.

It goes without saying that George was cured once and for all . . . and me, well, I became the most popular "man" in the place.

W.J., Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Tana:

I don't exactly know how to start this narration. I am no writer, but I feel that I must tell you of the mania that has followed me for as long as I can remember. I have read all sorts of tales about people who have had a fetish of some sort in their lives. . . . anything from shoes to corsets, with everything in between. My weakness or madness is ear-piercing.

This mania has been with me for as long as I

can remember. I can recall sitting behind a girl in public school and when she came to class one day with small earrings in her highly inflamed ears, I was fascinated no end. I just had to talk to her about it, but she wouldn't discuss it with me. I was about ten or eleven years of age at the time and from that day on, I couldn't resist taking a second look at any lady whose ears were pierced. If the lobes were distended by heavy earrings, or were sore from a very recent operation, the urge to feel them became more and more overwhelming. I became obsessed with the idea of having my own ears pierced. The only thing that stopped me was the feeling that such an operation would mark me as "queer".

After I became old enough to be my own boss, I decided to force a needle through one ear lobe regardless of the consequences. I really think that as long as I live, I shall never again experience a thrill such as that one.

I was always on the lookout for opportunities to go further into my strange desires and one night the opportunity did present itself. A french girl whom I met at a dance mentioned the subject to me and although she herself did not have pierced ears, she had always wanted to go

and have it done. The more I thought about it, the more I became obsessed with the idea of being able to watch her undergoing the ordeal of having the holes placed in her ear lobes. When she agreed to this, I realized that she too was anticipating the operation. We soon located an old Italian lady who, in her broken English, agreed to perform the operation the following night.

The very next evening found us knocking on her door. She bid us welcome and we followed her into her apartment. One thing impressed both of us immediately - her ears. She was wearing very heavy gold earrings and her lobes were so pulled from wearing them, that it was possible to actually see light through the holes. She took us into her living room where the piercing was to take place. I envisioned quite a preparation, but was rather taken back when all she produced was a small bottle of mercurochrome. She dipped a small cotton swab into the antiseptic and made a small spot on each of my companion's ear lobes. I remarked that the location looked somewhat high, but was told that if she wanted to enjoy pierced ears, she must be prepared to wear heavy earrings and so this was the best way to do it.

She then threaded an ordinary needle with

some silk thread and, holding a small cork behind the ear lobe, began to force the needle into the flesh. As the needle passed through, drawing the thread with it, it was cut off and a short length of thread allowed to remain in the incision.

At the conclusion, the lady gave Nini some sound advice. She was to leave the thread in her ears for at least a week, during which she was to keep pulling it from time to time. She was also told to bathe the lobes with warm water quite often.

Nini's ears began to heal, and a while later I assigned myself the task of inserting her very first pair of earrings. I experienced an immense thrill when I put her earrings through the small holes which were still somewhat inflamed. They were just small plain rings, which could be turned round and round in the lobes. It was a funny thing, but Nini confessed that she enjoyed having me play with her ears.

As time went on, we managed to enlarge the incisions bit by bit until now, Nini can wear even the largest of hoop earrings. Her girl friends have all admired her pierced ears and we have agreed to perform the operation in the near future. We'll let you know all about it when it happens.

J.C., Los Angeles.

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL

Dear Ed:

I have been a reader of "Exotique" for some time now, and have come to believe as many of your readers do, that the female is, or should be, the superior sex - and should dominate the male.

From the letters you print in the "Letter Box", it seems that there are more than a few men who would willingly submit to subservient roles toward women. It seems, also, that this willingness to adopt a servile status towards women, goes hand in hand with the desire and pleasure some of us get from wearing feminine apparel. I know since I've tried it on several occasions. The moment I feel the soft, clinging silkiness of a pair of panties around my thighs, a change comes over my normal male attitude.

I always like to see photos of young ladies wearing black, frilly panties and lace bras. In addition, black stockings, tight corsets and, most of all, high heels, seem to lend an aura of dominance to the wearer and a feeling of humbleness and submissiveness comes over me.

Keep up the wonderful work.

A.L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN FACT AND IN FICTION

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HURRY.... NADINE
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